

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERB OF SOLOMON.

No. 18.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1823.

VOL. II.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

### ADVENTURES OF THE OLD CALENDAR.

#### A TARTARIAN TALE.

I was born at Backu.\* My father was a rice merchant, who lived near a convent of dervises. He lived an irregular life, and was scarce ever to be found in his shop; and as besides he had but little business, he was soon reduced to extreme poverty. A dervise who used frequently to come to our house, conceived a friendship for me, and taking compassion on me, took me into his convent when I was about five years old, so that I was no further expense to my father; who having passed through a wearisome life, died when I was twelve years old.

I went to see my disconsolate mother, and wept tenderly for the loss of my father; when my mother spoke to me in this manner: "Do not afflict yourself for my husband; forbear shedding tears for one who deserves them so little; weep no more as for a father, for one who had no share in your birth!" This discourse surprised me; and looking steadfastly at my mother—"You are astonished," said she. "I have reason to be so," replied I; "for if the deceased was not my father, which he was always taken for, who am I indebted to for my being?"—"To the old dervise who has brought you up," answered my mother; "you are his son and mine: without his assistance we should have lived this long time past in the most shocking indigence; for my husband's idleness and excesses had reduced me to beggary even a long time before you came into the world. This dervise has been our entire support, by supplying us abundantly with the necessities of life. On my side I was not ungrateful: the dervises do nothing for nothing; and I do not repent the return I have made this one."

My mother was still in tears, when the dervise entered: she told him that she had just informed me of his being my father; and this man embracing me in the most tender manner—"Child," said he, "behave yourself well, and honour your mother; you shall want for nothing." I made a suitable return to these expressions of parental affection from my new father; and, growing tired of the life I had hitherto led among the dervises, I begged of him to leave me with my mother. He granted my request, and gave us money to buy rice; and as my mother lived in a very frugal manner, and almost entirely at the convent's expense, she saved in seven or eight years about four thousand sequins.

I often heard my mother speak of a very handsome girl in our neighbourhood; and I became so enamoured with her from the bare report of her beauty, without ever seeing her, that I sought out every opportunity of making myself known to her. At last one offered: the

girl's father came to our house to buy a quantity of rice-meal, and agreed with my mother for a large sack of it, that contained about twelve bushels. My want of experience made me look upon this as a favourable opportunity of seeing my mistress; and listening only to my foolish passion, with the assistance of a young man of my own age, I put myself into the sack, which was then filled with meal as high as my chin, and was in this situation carried in the dusk of the evening to Kalem's house (this was the name of the girl's father,) where they set me down in the corner of a room, where the family generally eat. I had made a hole in the top of the sack, through which I could easily see every thing that passed. I was scarce set down when a dervise appeared; but I could not see his face, as he sat in the dark part of the room: there came in with him Kalem, his wife, and the beautiful Dgengiari-nar, my mistress, with a little dog under her arm.

A slave having laid the cloth, they immediately sat down to supper. Dgengiari-nar happened to sit just facing me, and I was so transported at the first sight of her, that, forgetting the company I was in, I foolishly cried out—"Alas, what a fine creature!" This indiscreet exclamation, which the company heard without knowing whence it came, terrified them greatly: they got up in a great hurry and confusion, looked every where except at the sack where I lay hid, but not without a thorough sense of my folly, and finding nothing, sat down again to supper, where the voice they had heard made the chief subject of their conversation. Dgengiari-nar happened not to take the same seat; so that not being able to see her face, I was still indiscreet enough to attempt turning myself about in the sack, to have the pleasure of enjoying a full prospect of her charms; but I went about it so unskillfully, that the sack unfortunately overturned.

Kalem, with all his family and the dervise, were greatly surprised at the sack's fall; but the dervise seeing that my mistress's little dog barked furiously at it, began immediately to suspect what might really be the matter: he therefore raised up the sack, and untied the top of it, when I appeared, but my face was so covered with meal, that it was impossible to know me. Upon this Kalem flew into a great fury, ran to the poniard that hung up against the wall, and was upon the point of running me through the body, when I threw a handful of meal into his eyes, which, by blinding him for a moment or two, gave me an opportunity of leaping out of the sack in my slippers; and laying hold of a sabre that happened to lie in my way, I might easily have killed Kalem and the dervise, and then made my escape; as it was the only way left of saving myself, I had my sabre ready to strike a blow, when, upon looking on the dervise, whose face I had not seen before, I found it was the person to whom I was indebted for my being. "Ah, dervise!" said I, dropping the point of my sabre, "see that I am Hanif, whom your constant friendship has always made you consider as your own child! I am upon this occasion more indiscreet than criminal. I loved the charming Dgengiari-nar on the bare report of her beauty; and not meeting with any other means but the present of satisfying my

earnest desire of seeing her, I buried myself in this sack, inconsiderately indeed, since I did not know how I should be able to get out of it."

The dervise was greatly surprised to see me in this condition; and Kalem, having at the same time recovered his sight by rubbing his eyes, perceived that I was son to the woman from whom he had bought his rice-meal; and seeing, by the posture in which I had put myself, that I was resolved to sell my life at a dear rate, he was the more easily appeased by the dervise; so that they soon found it impossible not to laugh at the comical figure I made. "Since this young man loves Dgengiari-nar," said the dervise, "let him have her, I beseech you, my dear Kalem. He is an only son; and I will take upon me to make his mother give him up her shop, with at least four thousand sequins. I do not believe you can find in all Backu a son-in-law who has been better educated, is an honest man, and will behave towards you as a father-in-law with more respect." "Ah," said I, "it is not enough that Kalem consents to make me happy: I renounce his good-will, if the charming Dgengiari-nar does not approve of me." This delicate way of thinking made so great an impression on Kalem, that he took me in his arms, telling me that his daughter was her own mistress, and that she might that very moment decide my fate. "She must first, then," said the dervise, "see her new lover, such as he is." And upon this, he immediately conducted me to another room, where I cleaned myself; and Kalem, who was pretty much of my own size, having put one of his gowns on me, I made my appearance before the beautiful Dgengiari-nar, who liked me so well, that she immediately accepted of me as a husband. The dervise, impatient to see my happiness completed, immediately sent for my mother, who was greatly surprised at my adventure, and consented to all I wished for. The marriage contract was drawn up and signed, and that very evening the Imam joined our hands.

I was now married to the charming Dgengiari-nar, and the happiest man living, if my want of sense had not made me the most miserable. Every thing seemed to conspire to make me happy: my bride in a manner adored me; yet, without any just cause, I took it into my head to be jealous of her to a degree scarce credible. Every thing alarmed me: did she speak to my mother, I fancied that my mother had conspired with her to betray me; even her innocent marks of affection to the dervise, to whom we were so much obliged, alarmed me so much, that I used to forget his being my father; and my evil genius made me consider their behaviour as criminal. In fine, I did nothing but exclaim against Dgengiari-nar, and scarce ever permitted her to see the day; yet, though I gave her no rest, she never made the least complaint of my ill-usage. My mother and the dervise made me many representations on my foolish jealousy. "It is neither bolts nor locks," said they, "that can secure your honour: an honest woman is her own guardian: and your groundless suspicions tend more to make her forget her duty than to persevere in it." But I was deaf to their advice; and at last my madness increased to such a degree, that

they resolved to try every method of getting the better of it.

One day as the dervise was conversing with my mother, whilst I was employed in making some entries in my books—"There has arrived here," said he, within these three days, a young dervise from Circassia, whose beauty surpasses any thing that has as yet appeared at Backu: I imagine that the pages who are to serve us with fruit in the paradise of our great prophet, can scarce compare with him,\* since so much modesty has never been seen united with so many other perfections: his chamber is next to mine; and, in consequence of this neighbourhood, we have contracted a great friendship for one another. I am to give him a breakfast to-morrow; and therefore beg of you to send me a pullet and rice of your own dressing, and a dish of pilau.†" My mother promised to comply, and accordingly got every thing in readiness for these excellent ragouts, which she sent my father next morning at the appointed hour. I had heard all their discourse, without seeming to take notice of it; but my curiosity prompting me to see so handsome a man, I resolved to make one at breakfast with my father. I kept my mind to myself: when the dishes were sent off, I went into my wife's apartment, who was still a-bed, on account of some slight indisposition, and in a profound sleep. I did not think proper to awaken her, but only looked at her attentively for some time, when I shut the door; and having given the key a double turn according to custom, I ran and knocked at the convent of the dervises. I asked for the dervise that was my father; and on being told he was in his chamber, I immediately ran to it; but I had scarce entered it, when I grew pale and cold at the sight of his friend.

I had no sooner perceived in him all the features of my wife, than falling down with mere weakness on a sofa of rushes, and wiping my face, I cried out, "Where am I? and what prodigy is this?" My father interrupted me here, getting up in great confusion, and taking me into his arms in the tenderest manner, asked me what was the matter, and what dark cloud had overspread my imagination. I answered, that I found myself disordered the moment I entered his chamber, and that I chose to return home immediately; upon which he led me back to the door of the convent: as I had only the street to cross to get home, the moment I left him, I flew to my wife's apartment. I began to respire; when I found her in the same condition I had left her the minute before, and my joy on the occasion was so exceeding great, that I caught her in my arms, and embraced her with the warmest expressions of affection; which she returned in the most endearing manner. However, I made no great stay with her, but hastened back to the convent, and ran directly to my father's

\* Mahomet promises all good Musselmans a paradise full of delights, in which after having drank well and eat well, the most beautiful pages will present them with lemons out of a golden dish; and he assures them, that the minute they have tasted them, there will appear to each a young girl most richly attired, that will always continue a virgin, and embrace them; and that they will thus spend fifty years in the enjoyment of the most sensual pleasures.

† This dish consists of rice stewed with butter, lard, suet, or grease; and is a very common food all over the East.

\* Backu is the capital city of the province of Schirvan in Persia, which gives its name to the Backu Sea. This city lies in the Caspian Sea. There is near it a very remarkable fountain which continually pours forth a black liquor, which is used throughout all Persia instead of oil.



cell, telling him I had got the better of my indisposition, and was come to breakfast with him. "You are welcome," said he: "this handsome Circassian and I have already made a beginning. Sit down to table, and first satisfy yourself with a glass of wine." I rinsed a glass, and my father was going to pour me out some wine, when the Circassian prevented him. "Brother," said he, "let me have the pleasure of helping him; I intend this day to do the honours of your table." The sound of these words made me tremble; my hands in an instant became so weak, and my eyes so fastened on this young man, whose voice perfectly resembled my wife's, that I spilled all the wine upon my clothes and the table-cloth. I made in a single instant a thousand afflictive reflections; and, quitting the dervises in an abrupt manner, I made but one leap from the convent to my house, where my wife was still a-bed. I was so thunderstruck, that I could not speak to her. "What is the matter with you, dear light of my life," said she, starting up in her bed in the greatest confusion, "has any accident happened? Do not permit me, I beseech you, to remain any longer in so cruel an uncertainty."

I returned a little to myself. "Ah, Dgengiari-nar," said I, "may I believe what I hear?"—"Why," replied she, "what do you see and hear? Satisfy my curiosity this instant."—"No," said I, "I am certainly deceived: I must again try if my eyes are faithful witnesses of what has happened in the convent of the dervises." I then left her; and shutting the door as I had already done, I returned to my father's cell much easier in my mind than I had left it. "I beg your pardon," said I, at my first appearance, "for the ill-manners I have been guilty of. My reason for leaving you in so great a hurry, was that I forgot to leave money with my mother, to answer a demand she expects in about a quarter of an hour. I have now no more business to take me away; and nothing can be more agreeable to me than to remain with you, and enjoy the pleasure of your company."—"Let it be so," said my father; "we may spend all the morning here very agreeably: taste this dish of pilau, which has not as yet been touched; for as to the fowl and rice, we dispatched it during your absence." I now began to think of eating some pilau; but happening to give a look at the young Circassian just as I had taken some into my mouth, I found it impossible to get it down, my astonishment increased to such a degree. The young dervis was the very counterpart of Dgengiari-nar, both in voice and gesture; every thing, in fine, conspired to make me believe that no two persons had ever been so like each other. "What is the matter with you, son?" said the old dervis. "You betray in all your actions so much uneasiness and distraction, that I am at a loss what to think of you to-day." "Have I not," said I, "the justest reason in the world to be so? Who the d— would not take this young Circassian for my wife? I must own to you that I ran home to be sure I had her. I found her both times in bed; and this circumstance should have dissipated my apprehensions; notwithstanding which, I find myself unable to master those jealous suspicions which tear my mind to pieces."

The two dervises laughed heartily at this my candid confession. As for my part, I was at a loss how to behave on the occasion, when the young dervis took me up. "What, sir," said he "can a slight resemblance, then, between your wife and me, disorder your brain in this manner? And shall jealousy tyrannize over you so far as to make you commit the extravagances with which we have for this hour past been entertained? How much I pity your spouse! Certainly she must have a great fund of virtue not to take vengeance of your unjust suspicions.

I can easily forgive a delicate jealousy; but, by carrying it the length you do, according to the report of this honest dervis, believe me, Sir, you take the readiest way of making your wife punish you as you deserve." I listened with great confusion to this lecture of the young dervis, and began to be ashamed of my past conduct, at the same time resolving in a manner to trust Dgengiari-nar entirely to her own virtue; when the young preacher, in moving himself a little discovered to me, near one of his ears, a mark in every respect like one that my wife had in the same place.

This strange sight wound up my madness again to the highest pitch. I gave a great shout, which surprised the dervises. "Ah!" said I, "I am certainly betrayed, and all my suspicions are too well founded." "What sudden fury has seized you," said my father. "Have you lost your wits, or—" I did not give him time to make an end of his discourse; I slipped out of his hands, and ran home in the greatest confusion, where I found my wife employed in making the abdest.\* I drew near her in the greatest perturbation; and having examined the mark near her ear, I clapt my hands together, with my eyes lifted up to heaven, and ready to faint with surprise. My mother who was in the shop that was contiguous to my wife's apartment, came in on hearing my cries. She and my wife inquired earnestly what might be the cause of my disorder, and of my so often going out and in; but I did not as yet think proper to give them any satisfaction. I only begged of my mother to prepare a dinner for ourselves and the handsome dervis of Circassia and his companion, whom, I told her, I intended to invite; telling her withal, that I should give before them a full account of every thing that had happened to me that morning, which she must agree was strange and uncommon.

I then left them; and, at my return to the convent, found my father and the young dervis still at table. "I must," said I, "acquaint you with the full extent of my weakness. The sign which this handsome young dervis has near his ear, gave my jealousy a new alarm; for my wife has one in the same spot so very like this, that I again took it into my head that it was her very self I saw in this disguise; I ran back to the house to clear up the matter to myself; but thanks to heaven! I found her at her usual purification, so that all my suspicions are at an end, and I am returned easy and satisfied in my mind, to spend the interval between this and dinner, to which I invite you. I have a mind to convince this young dervis, that, as he cannot be a twin of my dear Dgengiari-nar, since she is an only child, nature has formed so great a resemblance between them, that it is impossible not to be deceived by it."—"I accept your invitation," replied the young Circassian, "with great pleasure: nothing can be more agreeable to me. I am curious to see this extraordinary likeness you speak of; about which, however, the dervis my companion is not altogether agreed; but then it is only on this express condition, that no fit of jealousy shall be permitted to interrupt our joy; for I am disposed to be merry, and perhaps at your expense." "Ah!" said I, interrupting him, "I promise that you shall do at my house as you like. I have suffered so much this morning in the many struggles that I have had to sustain, that I am resolved for the future to make myself easy." "It is the best thing you can do," replied the young man. "Were I a woman, and disposed to play my husband a trick, he would find it to no purpose to watch me; I could easily triumph over all his precautions, and shall convince you of it presently at your own house." "You will oblige me greatly,"

\* The Abdest, or oblation, is a ceremony which the inhabitants of the East never omit, especially in the morning.

said I, in so doing. "I will endeavour to entertain you well; and you cannot do me a greater favour, than that of curing me radically of my troublesome passion."

I spent a couple of hours very agreeably with the two dervises till dinner-time drawing nigh, I left them to prepare for their reception. I thought proper, before my guests arrived, to see my wife, to make a merit to her of my conversion, and assure her that, for the future, she should enjoy all the liberty decency might allow. But, how great was my surprise, on opening the door of my room, the key of which I never let go out of my possession, when I found her missing.

But great as my surprise was in not finding my wife, it was much increased by finding, instead of her, the two dervises that I had but just now left at the convent. So unexpected a sight struck me motionless; and I should no doubt have fallen to the ground, if my mother, who followed close after me, had not supported me in her arms. I remained a long time without being able to utter a single syllable; but being at length come to myself—"O Heaven!" said I, "do I dream, or is it the devil who has persecuted me all the morning, that still takes pleasure in imposing upon me?"—"No no, my dear Hanif," replied the old dervis, whom I told you was my father, "you are not asleep; there is no more than a little contrivance in all this illusion. Your jealousy was become so ridiculous, that we undertook to rid you of it. I contrived with your mother and your wife, every thing that passed in my apartment this morning: your behaviour fully answered our intentions; and the beautiful dervis is no other than the incomparable Dgengiari-nar. No doubt, you will find it a difficult matter to comprehend what I tell you, and I know you will even scarce credit it; but it is easy to convince you." "Ah, then," said I with the greatest eagerness, "lose no time in doing it; let me know how it was possible that my wife should at one and the same time be in her bed and in your cell, in her night-dresses and in the dress of a dervis." "I shall immediately," replied my father, "satisfy your curiosity in this respect."

"Dgengiari-nar is no longer ignorant how I am related to you. I found myself under the necessity of revealing to her the secret of your birth, to obtain her concurrence to the measures we wanted to take. You must know, that your mother's deceased husband used to be sometimes jealous with her; and his sudden starts often disconcerted the schemes we had laid to see each other, which gave us no small concern. But as in quality of treasurer to the convent I had money at will, I seized on the opportunity of the brute's going to the country for a fortnight, and employed workmen that I could confide in, to make a passage between my room and this apartment, under the street, which is very narrow; two trap doors, with proper counterpoises, do the rest. It is an easy matter to go from this room to my cell in less than six minutes by the trap-door you now look at; whereas, in the common way, a person must traverse our court, which is pretty long and open and shut doors; so that you may easily judge if it was impossible for your wife to put on the habit of a dervis, to throw it off, and get into bed again, to the interval of time requisite for you to make so great a circuit to get into our convent, or out of it, and arrive at this apartment. Here is then, my dear child, a plain discovery of the whole mystery. But I must add, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable I prevailed on Dgengiari-nar to act her part in it. She was willing to put up with all your extravagances, rather than expose herself to your displeasure, till I obtained her concurrence by assuring her that, if so rude a trial did not bring you to a better way of thinking, you should never know any thing of the trick that

had been played on you, and that I should soon make the handsome Circassian set out for his own country.

"We have, I believe, succeeded, my son," continued the old man; "since you have given me your word that you would be no more guilty of the same folly: and, indeed, no man ever had less reason to be jealous. Your wife is a most virtuous woman; she has stretched her complaisance for your weakness more than could be expected. But though she were ever so much the reverse, judge, my dear Hanif, by your own experience, what love is capable of. There is nothing that it does not invent and compass to get the better of a jealous person's vigilance; and the surest course a man can take, is to trust entirely to the virtue and fidelity of his wife. I know very well that this is looked upon as a very foolish maxim in these eastern countries; but there is a difference to be made between living in the common way, which requires that women should appear but seldom in public, and treating them with that injurious diffidence that you have done the charming Dgengiari-nar. You have carried your jealousy to such an excess, as to take umbrage at me, who am your father. Even your mother's affection for her daughter-in-law has given you uneasiness. Who can you think, my son, should have your honour more at heart than your mother and I? And yet you have been weak enough to suspect us of a design upon it."

My surprise and confusion were so great that I was at a loss what answer to make to the dervis's wise discourse. "My dear father," said I, "how much am I obliged to you for having undertaken my cure, and succeeding so well in it! I now see all the force of your arguments, and I am ready to sink with shame for my past conduct; but I am resolved to make amends for my folly by so contrary a behaviour, that the beautiful Dgengiari-nar shall have no less reason to commend me for the future, than she has had just cause to complain of me for the time past." Upon this I threw myself at my wife's feet, who still continued in the dervis's dress, and asked her pardon for my ridiculous jealousies with such expressions of love and tenderness, as drew tears from my father and mother.

Dgengiari-nar, unable likewise to retain hers, immediately raised me up: "My dear lord," said she, "if I have always loved you in spite of the hard manner in which you have sometimes treated me, guess to what a pitch my love must be increased, now that you assure me of an alteration that makes me completely happy!" She seasoned her discourse with so many endearments, that I kissed her a thousand times; and cried out, in the transports of my pleasure—"No, my dear Dgengiari-nar, there is no difference between the zephyr of spring and the mild breath of your mouth, which refreshes my heart and my soul. I am a new man; and the most agreeable moments of my life will be those that I shall spend in seeking the means of pleasing you." This sudden change in me gave my father and mother the most sensible satisfaction. Nothing could equal the pleasure they enjoyed in having been instrumental in reclaiming me. As for Dgengiari-nar's joy, it was great beyond expression. We now sat down to dinner; at which every thing passed in the most agreeable manner, and I ever afterwards punctually fulfilled the promise I had given.

I lived thus with my wife about thirteen years, during which time I buried the dervis and my mother. The children I had by my wife lived but a short time. And I lost herself after a sickness of four months. All my friends came to condole with me on the occasion, and endeavoured to dissipate my grief; but what they could not do, time effected. As time brings about every thing, so it insensibly



wore out the memory of my deceased wife. I at last began to think of nothing but how to divert myself: and giving myself up entirely to my pleasures, I fell little by little into a state of the greatest debauchery and excess. By neglecting my business, my affairs soon fell into disorder; and at the end of two years I was so loaded with debts, that unable to satisfy my creditors, I had no other choice left but flight to avoid a prison. I therefore sold my effects privately for half value, and escaped out of Backu in the disguise of a calender. From the very first day of my taking on the habit, I liked it so well, that I resolved never to leave it off; and I have now persisted in this resolution upwards of thirty years. I have made in it the tour of Persia and Tartary; during which I have met with a great number of adventures too long to relate. I intend, besides, to take a journey to the Indies and China; and, for this purpose, joined company two months ago with a young man, who is turned calender after my example, and whose adventures are at least as uncommon as my own.

### THE CONTRAST.

There are few sweeter pictures in human life, than the union of two lovers; there are few more distressing than their separation. I was witness to a scene of the former description some years ago, in the capacity of bridesman; and, not long after, to one of the latter, in quality of mourner. There was a contrast between these situations so powerfully impressive, that although I had no immediate interest either in the bridal or the burial, I seldom pass an hour in solitude without an involuntary recurrence to what passed at them: I seem but this moment to have quitted the altar—I almost feel the fresh earth of the grave giving way under my feet.

Henry Morel was the dearest friend I have ever known. An attachment had subsisted between him and a very lovely girl since they had been children; when he became of age he married her, and I was at the wedding. This ceremony, under almost any circumstances, is a delightful one to behold; but when beauty, elegance, and wealth shed their combined lustre over the scene, it is not to be paralleled on earth. The bridegroom was in the full vigour and pride of youth; of a noble countenance and a manly form; his manners were usually serious, but, on the present occasion, his eye lightened with animation, and there was a tenderness in his voice and gesture when he addressed the fair creature who had just committed herself to his arms, that shewed how dearly he loved her. His bride, without being the most beautiful, was certainly the most interesting woman it has been my chance to meet with. She was now doubly so; her cheek was flushed, her lip trembled, there was a contention between joy and modesty and hope and fear in her looks; but it was not difficult to collect that in her breast happiness was predominant. The bridal assembly were all life and gaiety: the marriage feast was an uninterrupted scene of mirth and festivity. Joy was triumphant for his hour.

About a fortnight after, I received a pressing letter from my friend to go down to his seat in the country, where he was at present with his young bride. The letter was filled with descriptions of his felicity and with praises of his dear Eveline: her beauty, her amiability, her accomplishments; she was all that was good and fair and gracious; he was happier (to use his own expression) than the happiest man on earth, and he besought me to "come down and witness his beatitude." It was impossible to resist an invitation which promised so much pleasure.

Upon my arrival at the manor-house, I was shewn into a library, where the chaplain received me. "If you wish to see Mr. Morel, he is in that apartment," said the clergyman, pointing to an open door. I entered, and found myself in a darkened bed-chamber. O! one moment told me all! There was a marble figure stretched upon the bed; a heavy and overpowering smell of herbs and flowers filled the room; every thing was clothed in deadly white. My friend sat by the bed-side, with his hands locked, and his eyes fixed upon the statue. I approached, but he took no notice of me. "Poor Eveline!" said I, bending over her, "thou wert a short-lived flower!" A smile seemed to gather on the lips of the girl as I said these words, a smile between regret and resignation. She was in her wedding dress, in which, as I afterwards learned, she had desired to be buried. There was no other covering, and as I brought to my recollection her appearance on the day of her marriage, she seemed in nothing altered but that she was now still and pale. "God of heaven! if she only slept!" said I, touching the lily hand that lay motionless beside her. A chill shot up through my arm, and froze the very blood next my heart. My involuntary exclamation roused Henry from his torpor; he gazed at me for some time, then, pointing to the body, as if to inform me of what was already too plain. "Eveline is dead," said he, "she is dead." I made no remark; consolation was premature; indeed I was unable to afford it, for my heart was flowing through my eyes. He rose, came up close to me, and leaning on my shoulder, asked, in a tone of familiar but revolting jocularly, "if I was come to congratulate him?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued in the same strain of bitter irony, "There, there is my felicity! there is my beatitude! have I not reason to be happy? beauty and grace and goodness in my possession! am I not an enviable man?" He laughed wildly. "Ay," continued he, addressing the insensible figure, "there you lie in your wedding garments! with your crystal cheek and your smiling lip, fresh from the marriage-hall! Look at her slender ankles, and her little feet, just as if she had lain down after the dance! and her arms there, so white and long! and her fair bosom, with the curls playing about her snowy neck! Eveline, dear Eveline, have you indeed forsaken me?—O God! O God! that this could be all a dream! No, no—it is no dream—no dream." Here he became again insensible, and relapsed into his former attitude, his eyes fixed on the bed and his hands clenched in inexpressible despair.

When they were nailing up the coffin, the young widower rushed from my arms into the room, tore open the lid, and threw himself on the body. We could scarcely oblige him to let the operation proceed, whilst he incessantly exclaimed that we were burying his Eveline alive; as she lay in her bridal attire in the coffin his bewildered imagination conceived she was still living. No force could drag him from the apartment, though every blow of the hammer on the lid of the coffin seemed to strike upon his breast. When the body was carried out, he sprung to the door, and was scarcely withheld by his domestics and myself from useless opposition to the bearers. His Eveline was at length separated from him for ever; and his grief, from being outrageous, subsided at length into melancholy and total silence. She was buried in the churchyard next his demesne, and he was seldom to be found far distant from her grave. His pleasure was to lean on one shoulder of the slab which bears her name, and ruminate on the long grass which waves to and fro over the turf that covers her remains. A premature decay carried him off at the end of the year,

and he now lies beside her in the same grave.

### THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At glided butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loaves and who wins; who's in and who's out;  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

*Elephant and Castle, London.*—This is a spot where meet in one point all the outlets from London to the great Surry, Sussex, and Kent Roads, leading to all the most frequented sea-port towns and watering places on the coast, and also to a great proportion of the most favourite country towns and villages which are chosen as the summer residences of the inhabitants of London. This spot is in the front of an inn, or public-house, called the Elephant and Castle; at which every public conveyance that passes stops for a short time, both in going and coming. I believe this is a rule to which the drivers of these vehicles make no exception, whatever their haste may be, or whether they have occasion to stop there or not. This produces a scene altogether singular in its effect, and perfectly novel and unaccountable in the eyes of foreigners, who have no notion, till they see its consequences exhibited in so lively a manner on this spot, the perfect mania that the English have for moving about from one place to another. But it is chiefly the meeting of the public stages at this spot, which causes the extraordinary life, bustle, and animation of the scene to which I am directing your attention. From whatever part of the metropolis the stages going the different roads start, they all stop here; so that persons who do not choose to take their places for any particular hour, or who choose to save half an hour in the time of starting, or who do not know and will not take the trouble to learn at what hour and from whence the stages start by which they wish to travel,—are sure to be right if they come here; for here they all meet and stop; and there are such an extraordinary number of these stages run to all the frequented towns, that you never need wait long without finding a place in one or other of them. For example, during the season when Brighton is frequented, from seven o'clock in the morning till ten at night, there are stages pass this spot on an average every half hour!—and from about eight to ten or eleven in the forenoon, there are frequently three or four Brighton stages to be seen standing here at the same time; all of them supplied with capital horses, and fitted out in the most admirable manner; and many of them performing the journey (of eighteen leagues) in six hours. There are said to be no less than seven hundred stages in summer, and five hundred in winter, stop at the door of this inn daily throughout the year. By this you may form some idea of the scene which this spot constantly exhibits. And it is astonishing to observe the admirably cool, deliberate, and methodical manner in which all this immense traffic is conducted. There is never the slightest appearance of hurry or confusion. All goes on as if by clockwork. There is one man belonging to the inn who can tell you to a minute what time any stage you may inquire for will be at the door: and you may go into the house, and observe at your ease all that is passing, secure that when it does arrive, and is about to start again, he'll send the coachman in to call you. But the scene outside is the most enlivening. Fancy to yourself twenty stages of different forms and colours, all handsomely decorated, and drawn by blood horses, harnessed and caparisoned in as elegant a manner as those of gentlemen's equipages; within and on the

top of which are seated from ten to eighteen well dressed passengers—for here every body but respectable females and old people prefer going on the outside. Fancy these vehicles to have either just drawn up, or to be on the point of starting again, or some of them started, while others are arriving to take their places; thus causing a perpetual motion, bustle, and change among them. Round every one of these you may suppose several persons collected,—either taking leave of friends who are going on their journey; or making inquiries for, or welcoming friends whose arrival they had been waiting in expectation of; or preparing to start themselves, but uncertain, among the multiplicity of conveyances that offer themselves, which they shall go by. Add to these, persons offering for sale, fruit, cakes, &c.; others with a supply of the daily newspapers, which the travellers may not have had an opportunity of procuring before they left home; others arriving with, or carrying away the luggage of the passengers, &c. &c.: the whole enlivened by the perpetually recurring signals of the drivers, signifying that they are ready to start,—“now, sir, if you please,” and the invariably repeated question of “all right?” before they do start:—fancy all this to occur in the open street, at the meeting point of five populous roads, up and down every one of which streams of pedestrians and of conveyances of all kinds are perpetually crossing and recrossing each other; and add a few of the associations connected with the circumstances that make up the subject of contemplation; and you have before you a scene that, in its kind, is not to be paralleled in the world.

*Wit.*—Counsellor Lamb, an old man, when the present Lord Erskine was in the height of his reputation, was a man of timid manners and nervous disposition, and usually prefaced his pleadings with an apology to that effect, and on one occasion, when opposed, in some cause, to Erskine, he happened to remark that “he felt himself growing more and more timid, as he grew older.” “No wonder,” replied the witty but relentless barrister, “every one knows the older a lamb grows the more sheepish he becomes.”

The following characteristic trait of Burns was communicated by Mr. Alexander Smellie (one of the sons of the late William Smellie, printer, of Edinburgh: “I perfectly remember the first appearance of Burns in my father's printing-house, in 1787, at the time his poems were printing. He was dressed much in the style of a plain countryman, and walking from end to end of the composing-room, cracking a long hunting whip which he held in his hand, to the no small annoyance of the compositors and pressmen: and although the manuscript of his poems was then lying before every compositor in the house, he never once looked at what they were doing, nor asked a single question. He frequently repeated this odd practice during the course of printing his work, and always in the same strange and inattentive manner, to the great astonishment of the men, who were not accustomed to such whimsical behaviour.”

The mayor of Norwich and a party of friends, somewhat elevated with wine, having gone to the theatre to witness the performance of the tragedy of *Richard III.* they entered the house just as *Richard* exclaimed, “A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!” when one of the gentlemen facetiously replied, “I have not a horse, but (clapping his hand upon the shoulder of the chief magistrate) here is a may'r, if that will do for you!” This reponse had a powerful effect on the risible faculties of the audience.



## THE TRAVELLER.

\*Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

COWPER.

## TURKISH WOMEN;

BY THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

From some of the windows I look across that harbour, called the Golden Horn by the ancients, and from others can see the sea of Marmora, the islands therein, and a part of the Seraglio; from mine, I saw yesterday the Sultan sitting on a silver sofa, while his boats, and many of the people who were to accompany him, were lining the banks of the garden. A magnificent sight, as they are of a light shape, gilt, and painted very beautifully. We had a large telescope, and saw the Ottoman splendour very distinctly. The sultan dyes his beard black, to give himself a young look, and he is known at a considerable distance by that, which contrasts singularly with his face, that is extremely livid and pale. The kiosk, which contained him and his silver sofa, was not very large, and like a hundred others to be seen on the canal. It is strange how words gain, in other countries, a signification different from the meaning they possess in their own. *Serail* or *Seraglio*, is generally understood as the habitation, or rather the confinement for women; here it is the Sultan's residence; it cannot be called his palace, for the kiosks, gardens, courts, walls, stables, are so mixed, that it is many houses in many gardens.

The streets both of Pera and Constantinople are so narrow that few of them admit of a carriage; the windows of every story project over those under them, so that at the upper people may shake hands sometimes across the street. No Turk of any consequence makes a visit, if it is only four doors from his own, but on horseback; and, on my arrival here, I saw one who landed in a boat, and had a fine gray horse led by four men, that went a long way round, in which he mounted gravely, to get off in a few minutes.

As to women, as many, if not more than men, are to be seen in the streets, but they look like walking mummies. A large loose robe of dark green cloth covers them from the neck to the ground; over that is a large piece of muslin, which wraps the shoulders and the arms, and another which goes over the head and eyes. If I was to walk about the streets here, I would certainly wear the same dress, for the Turkish women call others names, when they meet them with their faces uncovered. When I go out I have the ambassador's sedan chair, which is like mine in London, only gilt and varnished like a French coach, and six Turks carry it, as they fancy it impossible that two or four men can carry one; two Janisaries walk before with high fur caps on. The Ambassadors here have all Janisaries as guards allowed them by the Porte.—Thank Heaven, I have but a little way to go in this pomp, and fearing every moment the Turks should fling me down, they are so awkward; for the platform, where people land and embark from and to Pera, is not far from this house.

I saw a Turk the other day lying on cushions, striking slowly an iron which he was shaping into a horse-shoe, his pipe in his mouth all the time—nay, among the higher order of Turks, there is an invention which saves them the trouble of holding the pipe—two small wheels are fixed on each side of the bowl of the pipe, and thus the smoker has only to puff away, or let the pipe rest upon his under lip, while he moves his head as he pleases. Perhaps, it is lucky for Europe that the Turks are idle and ignorant—the immense power this empire might have, were it peopled by the

industrious and ambitious, would make it mistress of the world. At present it only serves as a dead wall to intercept the commerce and battles which other powers might create one another.

The Turks in their conduct towards our sex are an example to all other nations; a Turk has his head cut off, his papers are examined, every thing in his house seized, but the wife is provided for; her jewels are left her.

The harem is sacred even to that rapacious power, which has seized the master's life only because he was rich. It may be said, that in Turkey likewise, women are perfectly safe from an idle, curious, impertinent, public; and what is called the world can never disturb the ease and quiet of a Turkish wife. Her talents, her beauty, her happiness, or misery, are equally concealed from malicious observers. Of misery, unless a Turkish woman is beyond conception unreasonable, I cannot imagine that her portion can be great; for the wife whose wretched husband earns subsistence by carrying water, or burthens, sits at home bedecked with jewels, or goes out as her fancy directs, and the fruits of his labour are appropriated to her use. In great houses, the wives of the Turks, who compose the train of a Turkish husband, are destined to be subservient to the state of the first wife, and she treats them as she pleases.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

## ROSSINI'S "MAHOMET."

(Extract of a letter from Venice, April 10, 1823.)

Signor Rossini has surprised his friends by the most striking failure that a composer ever experienced.

I shall not here undertake to give a full history of this great event; in the details of which we find, diplomacy in music, insurrection in the pit, intrigue behind the scenes, tumult, scandal, and pamphlets; in fine, every thing that marks great agitation among the people. You must rest satisfied with a slight, impartial sketch. If my report is not very circumstantial, it is at least true; and that is a quality of some value as times go.

Let us try to discover the source whence this most dismal of all occurrences has sprung. Signor Rossini had made an engagement with the King's Theatre in London; but he annulled it, in right of that power which all Monarchs and great men possess, of adhering to their promises as far as suits their convenience or fancy, and entering into a contract with the Fenice (Phoenix) Theatre in this city. Six thousand francs were insured to Signor Rossini, and four thousand to Madame Rossini Colbran, upon condition that he should bring out two operas during the Carnival; one old, and one new, and Madame was to perform in both. All Venice waited for these operas with that patriotic fervour which a great people feel for great things. Zelmira, performed at Vienna, had long been promised; the direction of the Fenice was already occupied in rehearsing it, when the rival Theatre of St. Benedetto announced the representation of the same piece.

The two theatres immediately disputed the right to this Opera: our Austrian protectors interfered. A long tempest ensued, at the close of which it was decreed that St. Benedetto had the legitimate right to Zelmira; and it was represented at this theatre, to the great detriment of the Fenice, which had reckoned upon it, and found all its hopes frustrated.

Rossini heard the complaints of the disappointed managers. To remedy an evil, which it appeared impossible not to impute, in some degree, to him, he proposed the representation of his Mahomet,

condemned at Rome, but of which he promised to re-compose the whole second act. This promise given, he departed for Verona, remained there a considerable time, occupied himself about nothing, and did not re-write a note of the second act. The managers recalled, and reproved him; the public took a part in the business, and a report was spread that Madame Colbran had lost her voice. The rehearsals became scenes of discord. One day Galli, the celebrated bass singer, fatigued, retired in the midst of the first act: Rossini broke up the meeting and withdrew. The managers appealed to the Austrian bayonets, and Rossini was placed under arrest.

Under all these terrible auspices the fatal day approached. An irritated public filled the theatre at an early hour: from all sides resounded a cry, that the managers had re-produced an old, condemned opera, and that Rossini was at least a blockhead, and very culpable in not fulfilling his engagements. The overture was hissed; the first scene hooted; the second was drowned by the impromptu accompaniments of the pit. Silence was only obtained when the clamorous became tired. But when it was discovered that Signor Rossini had only altered one miserable trio, and had simply introduced some shreds of his other works, a clatter was re-commenced, of which no real tempest can convey any idea. The singers could scarcely be heard, who all, by their out-of-tune notes, manifested their fear or their humiliation. Galli and Mad. Colbran drank the bitter cup to its lees. A poor English tenor, \* \* \* \* \*, partook of these attentions, and drew upon himself hisses and outrages. To be brief—from seven in the evening until three the next morning, the tempestuous scene lasted; and the eight hours of musical war have left the Venetians in a terrible rage against their idol, Rossini; they will have no more of his music, and go every night to hiss it. The management loses by it seven thousand francs; Madame Colbran her reputation, and Rossini a little of his glory. I expect him to recover himself by his Semiramis; if he is not established by that, farewell to his hopes, his fortune, and his triumphs!

*Adelphi Theatre, London.*—A new entertainment has been recently produced at this theatre for the amusement of its summer visitors. It consists of three parts. In the first two, Mr. Wilkinson, after the manner, though we will not say in imitation, of Mr. Mathews, recites a variety of his supposed adventures from the time of his setting out in life, with nothing in his pocket but his hands, and little in his head save his "grandmamma's advice," which he is bent upon not following, to the time of his settling in London. In the course of this narrative, we meet with some amusing incidents and some eccentric characters, the portraying of whose peculiarities forms the principal attraction of the performance. Mr. Wilkinson did every thing which a great command of voice and feature could do for the piece. He was spirited, active, and bustling, where his author allowed him, but the general tone of the narrative was too tame, and its incidents for the most part common-place. To the author, who we are informed is Mr. Rodwell, jun., we might be disposed to say a word or two by way of advice; but he has disarmed all criticism of the piece by the modesty of its title, "Trifles light as Air." We speak here of the first and second parts of the piece; the third part is an amusing performance; it is called "Bachelor's Torments, or The Sweets of a Family." Mr. Prim (Reeve), a rich old bachelor, has the whole fortune of a younger brother bequeathed to him, consisting of a spoiled school-boy, of 14, a romance-reading daughter of 18, a maiden aunt of 50, ready to elope with the

first suitor who may offer. These, with their attendants and followers, become a source of great annoyance to a gentleman of Prim's retired habits, and in very despair of any other mode of relief, he offers his niece and a fortune to his friend Whirligig, a lawyer's clerk, if he will rid the house of the other inmates. Whirligig (Reeve) consents, and upon the manner, in which he performs the task the whole interest of the piece depends. He assumes all the characters in succession, and supports them with great spirit and comic humour. His representation of Miss Semira Sensitive, the French singing master; and Charley, the mischievous school-boy, were amongst his best efforts. Throughout the whole he was loudly and deservedly applauded.

## BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF DR. BARRETT,  
Vice-Provost of Trinity-College, Dublin.

The object of this memoir was born in Dublin, in the year 1753, and was the son of a clergyman in rather confined circumstances. After receiving the usual rudiments of a classical education, he entered college about the year 1773, as a nondecremented pensioner; and passing through the usual routine of preliminary instruction, he obtained a fellowship in 1778. In 1791, he became a member of the senior board, and in 1792, librarian, having enjoyed the office of assistant during the preceding eight years. His habits at all times retired, became decidedly cenobitical before he had passed his prime. Until the last twenty years, however he occasionally ventured beyond the walls of the college, to dine with a gentleman of the Irish bar, to whom he was much attached, but always on the express condition that there should be no ladies present.

After he had relinquished this anti-ascetic indulgence, he became a voluntary prisoner, never passing the college gate, except when he happened to be appointed one of the lent preachers, and when he went to the bank to receive the interest on his myriad of debentures. These were, indeed, so numerous, that the clerks, relying on his integrity, and shrinking from the herculean task themselves, gladly allowed him to mark them himself. One of the junior fellows (at present in the enjoyment of a college living) has been known to borrow a debenture, in order to have an excuse for accompanying the Doctor to the bank, and witnessing the operation. Once, and once only, was he known to undertake a long journey; and that was on the occasion of a law-suit relative to college property, which obliged him to transplant himself to the county of Kerry, one of the most remote parts in Ireland, and to him an *ultima thule*.

He usually walked in the Fellows' garden, the park, or the courts of the college, encumbered with the weight of his entire wardrobe, consisting of a coat, vest, and breeches (brown in reality, but by courtesy black), a shirt (black in reality, but by courtesy white,) hose, and no cravat. At home he sat constantly without the coat, the waistcoat being furnished with sleeves. On the occasion of a fellowship examination, his appearance was very remarkable, and it was no easy matter to become convinced of his identity; for he never failed to wash his hands and face on such occasions, and vacancies occur in Dublin College almost every year, or at least every two years. This phenomenon, added to the assumption of a clean gown (which, however, he always exchanged for the old and unctuous one on removing from the theatre or examination-hall to the common's-hall,) improved his exterior so much, that he might actually have passed for a handsome old man. But the disposition of his locks was not unlike the ra-



diation of a bunch of radishes, and such curls as fell off (for his hair had in latter years but a precarious tenure,) he always attached with hair-pins to the back of his head.

Of the limited range of enjoyments to which the Vice-Provost was necessarily restricted from his habits of monachism, those of the table were not the least prominent. In drinking he was remarkably abstemious, but his manducating propensities developed themselves in no equivocal manner. Faithful to the common's hall, he opened his hall-door at 3 o'clock every day, and the ceremony of closing it was so attractive in the eyes of those disposed to gratify their risible inclinations, that groups might frequently be observed assembled in the court for the purpose of witnessing the complicated process. After pulling the door to, he used to swing from the handle for the space of some seconds, and then run a tilt against the pannels, almost in the manner of a battering-ram, until he became satisfied by the result of repeated ordeals that no straggler about college could gain admission without co-operation from within. He then tucked up the skirts of his gown, and, in a pace rapid for a man of his years, proceeded across the court towards the dining-hall. On one occasion, many years since, some mushrooms were served up in a very scanty quantity, as they were only just coming into season. The Vice-Provost devoured them all; and some of the fellow-commoners, indignant at such a appropriation, were determined to punish him. A whisper accordingly began to circulate that the mushrooms had been of a rather suspicious appearance, and most probably of a deleterious nature. When the buzz, thickening as it approached the head of the table, reached the ears of the Vice-Provost, his agony was extreme, and his cries for assistance not to be withstood. A draught of oil was accordingly procured, which he was obliged to swallow as an emetic, and the triumph of the avengers was complete.

A case of considerable importance to the University of Dublin was decided against the Lord Primate, a few hours after the death of Dr. Barrett. He was sitting in his arm-chair, attended by his nurse and college-women, and conversing with them on the subject of the law-suit, when the hand of death seized him. He hung down his head, and departed as composedly as Harvey. So little aware was he of the proximity of his decease, that he had a short time before ordered a beefsteak-pie for dinner. His disease was a dropsy, and he died in the 69th year of his age.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.  
CAMPAUL.

### PROCEEDINGS OF PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES In Great Britain.

*Society of Arts.*—At a late meeting of the London Society of Arts, of which the Duke of Sussex is President, Mr. P. H. Desvignes, a Greek, received the silver Pallet, and the silver Isis Medal, as premiums for a very fine drawing from a bust, and also a drawing of a Corinthian Capital. His Royal Highness, in presenting the Greek with these premiums, congratulated him on the station he held amongst men of genius in Great Britain, and stated that he would there have an opportunity of sharing the admiration in which Englishmen held the Arts of his native country, as well as of observing the feeling for the Greeks, which was so powerful through the country.

The Gold Ceres Medal was presented to Col. Wildman, of Newstead Abbey, for planting 500 acres with forest trees.

The exertions of this gentleman were the more deserving of praise, as they had been made at a time, when, by the reduction of rent, and other agricultural enthrallments, landlords were somewhat crippled in their means of making experiments or investing capital. By a careful attention to the soils and modes of planting, the efforts of Colonel Wildman were likely to be very successful.

A large silver medal and 30 guineas were presented to Mr. James Marsh, of Woolwich, for a portable electro-magnetic apparatus.

Premiums were given to three young Ladies, named Drummond, and their brother, a boy, for painting; and to Messrs. Cowley and Winslow, Bucks, for preparing a large quantity of opium from poppies grown in England.

A premium had also been adjudged by the Society to C. Warren, Esq. deceased, for his improvements in the art of engraving on steel plate. The Secretary stated, that Mr. Warren had found out the art of softening steel in such a manner as to make it supply the place of copper in engraving, and that 6,000 exquisite impressions were produced by one plate, the last of which was almost as good as the first, and exhibiting the very perfection of an engraver's proof. His Royal Highness presented the Gold Medal to the brother of the late Mr. Warren, in trust for his infant daughter.

A Medal was presented to Mr. William Cobbett, of Kensington, for plat from English grass.

Several very useful and ingenious inventions in mechanics were rewarded with medals. Messrs. Amebury and Rayner were rewarded for their improvements in surgery; and Captain Dansey received the prize for his humane invention for effecting, by means of a kite, a communication between stranded ships and the shore.

*Cambridge Philosophical Society.*—This Institution lately held its annual meeting, at which Mr. Airy's paper on the construction of reflecting telescopes with silvered lenses, in the place of metallic mirrors, was read. It is remarkable, not merely from the academical rank and situation of its author, but likewise for the great ability displayed in the mathematical investigations which it contains. He has shown in what manner the spherical and chromatic aberrations may be corrected, and the accuracy of his conclusions has been fully established in a telescope constructed in this manner. One of the advantages which Mr. Airy considered as likely to result from his construction, would be that of superseding the necessity of polishing metallic mirrors to spherical and parabolic forms: the latter operation indeed has attracted in a very particular manner, the attention of artists and astronomers, and Mr. Whewell lately read to the Society an interesting notice of the different methods which have been proposed for that purpose. Mr. Cecil, a gentleman whose talents in practical mechanics have on other occasions been brought before the notice of the Society, exhibited at the last meeting in the October term, a machine for this purpose, which is calculated to save nearly all the manual labour which has hitherto been required in operations of this kind, and which is not subject to the danger of leaving circular streaks on the mirror, to which other methods are liable.

The memoir of Mr. Bowditch, on the Distribution of Plants in the Island of Maderia, was particularly noticed. It developed the first scientific fruits of the labours of a traveller, from whose zeal and great acquirements the most important results may be expected: he is at once a botanist, geologist, zoologist, and entomologist; he is practised in all kinds of observations, whether astronomical, geodesical, or meteorological, and is furnished with the best instruments for making them. Add to these accomplish-

ments a knowledge of the language most prevalent among the people he is visiting, and little is wanting to our idea of a traveller perfectly prepared for his duties; he has encountered poverty and almost every privation, in order to be able to accomplish his favourite object of African discovery.

*Wernerian Society of Edinburgh.*—An account was read, at the May meeting, of the dissection of that very rare and curious animal, the *Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus*. The results of former dissections, as published by the celebrated Cuvier and some others, have been entirely overthrown by the discoveries of Dr. Knox, so far as they related to a very extraordinary horn or spur which projects from the heel of the animal's hinder foot, inclining inwards towards its body. Previously to Dr. Knox's most accurate examination of it, this spur, as it was found only on the male specimens of the genus, was supposed to have served the purpose of a prehensile to seize its mate; but Dr. Knox has demonstrated that it is connected with a gland which secretes poison, and that it enables the animal to destroy its enemies or its prey. Dr. Knox also made some curious observations on the structure of other parts of the animal, particularly of the ear, which seems to be entirely internal. Dr. Yule read a paper, in which he disclosed a discovery that he had made in the germination of plants, which, as far as our information extends, is new. Independently of the radicle and plumule with which seeds are furnished, and which are most easily observed in the leguminaceous class, they are also provided with vascular membranes, that contain the embryos of additional plumules, which will push forth if the shoot happen to be injured. We never recollect to have heard that these vascular receptacles have been noticed by other physiologists, but they will at once account for the tillers or side shoots, which some species of seeds, particularly wheat, throw out.

### OBSERVATIONS

On the Temperature, and general State of the Weather on the coast of Africa, from the River Sierra Leone (8° 30' N.) to the Equator. By Capt. B. Marwood of H. B. M. Navy.

From local peculiarities in the state of the weather on these parts of the coast, it is usual to divide the year into seasons of a denomination different from other parts of the globe; in place of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, they are here called the tornado,\* rainy, foggy, second or after rains, and fine seasons.

From Sierra Leone and the rivers in its immediate vicinity, as far as Cape Appollonia, the tornado season sets in about the middle of April, and continues to the middle of June, when it is succeeded by

\* These violent convulsions in the atmosphere so terrific to sailors, and which would be no less so to landmen, if the state of cultivation was so far advanced as to expose the husbandman's labour to the ravages of these dreadful tempests, first shows itself on the eastern quarter of the horizon by a deep black cloud heavily charged with electric fluid. This cloud continues increasing in size, sometimes for an hour or two before it is put in motion, and constantly emitting vivid flashes of lightning, and accompanied by heavy and distant thunder. After a time, it rises a little above the horizon, to which its lower edge is parallel, and extremely black, and there remains stationary for a short time; when it is again put in motion, the most frightful flashes of forked lightning, accompanied by the heaviest possible claps of thunder, now issue from it in rapid succession; when it has reached a little beyond the zenith, a sudden chill is felt in the temperature, and then follows a more violent squall, or gust of wind, and rain, than the most fertile imagination can picture; but which seldom lasts longer than half an hour. I always made a practice of taking in every sail, and putting the ship before the wind: and I am of opinion that in some of the most violent, even without sail set, if that precaution was not taken, any ship would be thrown on her beam-ends. On shore, all animated nature seems extinct; nothing is seen, nothing is heard; every creature, whether man, bird, or beast, having sought refuge and shelter from the approaching storm; but no sooner is it over than the air, which was before close and sultry, becomes so delightfully pure and invigorating as to reanimate all nature.

the rains; at this time these violent convulsions in the atmosphere are frequent; rarely two days pass without one being experienced; and even in the early parts of the month of April, they are sometimes felt. The load of vapour from which the atmosphere is unburdened by them, renders the air pure and wholesome, and the rain which falls in torrents for the space of an hour dries up so immediately, that they may be deemed as contributing much to the salubrity of the climate; even to shipping, except at anchor in the rivers, if due precautions are taken, they are attended with no danger, as the gust of wind always comes from the land, north of Cape Palmas, and in a parallel with it, east of that Cape, and with quite sufficient warning even for a merchant ship, but with but few men, to make the necessary preparations.

About the middle of June, the rainy season commences, and continues to the beginning, and sometimes even to the latter end of November: from the little cessation of rain which takes place during this period, the ground soon becomes drenched, and from it a miasma arises which engenders those pestilential remittent fevers so destructive of human life in this part of the world. As the rains begin to subside, they are succeeded by thick hazy weather, arising from a rapid evaporation of the moisture still remaining in the ground.

About the latter end of December, and during the whole of January, a wind occasionally blows, possessing properties, and attended by circumstances, peculiar to itself; it is known by the name of the Harmatan, and blows from the eastward with considerable strength. It is always attended by thick hazy weather, notwithstanding which it is so dry and parching, that all wood-work warps and shrinks, and, if united by glue, becomes detached. Paper and books appear as if they had been placed close by the fire. On the human frame its effects are considerably felt; the lips and nostrils become sore and inflamed, and the throat parched, and other exceedingly uncomfortable sensations excited, although it is generally said to give wounds and ulcers a strong predisposition to heal. The maximum of the thermometer is seldom above 75° Fahr. 10° lower than it is both before and after it. Its duration varies from two or three to seventeen or eighteen days; this may be considered as part of the fine season, which continues till the tornados again commence. It is not peculiar to this part alone, but prevails throughout the whole extent of tropical Africa.

The Gold Coast, which is said to commence at Cape Appollonia, but more properly at Cape Three Points, and ends at Cape Saint Paul, comes next in the line of coast; and as it differs both in height and appearance from that further to windward, so does it both in climate and salubrity. The tornado season commences early in March, and ends about the middle of May; they are by no means either so violent or frequent as on the coast east or west of it. Towards their close, and immediately preceding the rains, strong southerly squalls with heavy rains are sometimes experienced, but unaccompanied by thunder and lightning.

About the middle of May, the first rains commence and continue for six weeks. Europeans who have spent some years in the country, suffer much inconvenience from intermittent fever, but it is seldom attended with danger. Early in the month of July, the first rains cease (it is here that cessation commences), and is followed by a dense fog which continues till August. During this period those persons who are not inured to the climate are subject to the attacks of the bilious remittent fever, which often proves fatal; the season when this pestilential disease prevails is comparatively short, arising I imagine from the surface of the land being composed of a light sandy soil, which easily admits the water that falls to run off



into the sea, or to be taken up by evaporation; it is a singular fact that there are no springs on the Gold Coast, and the inhabitants are entirely dependent on reservoirs, in which water is caught and preserved during the rains for the whole year's consumption.

From the beginning of August to the middle of September, the weather is particularly fine and pleasant, the mean temperature afloat not being more than 78° Fahrenheit. To this succeeds the second rains, which last till the end of October, but these are so moderate as not to be more than occasional showers. The weather from this time is fine till the tornado season again commences. In December and January the harmatan occasionally blows as on the windward coast, and with the same effects.

The Bight of Benin, from Cape Saint Paul to the river Ramos, is (with the exception of the tornados being much more tempestuous), subject to the same periodical division of season as the Gold Coast till the middle of September, when the second rains set in with the greatest possible violence, frequently attended with the heaviest tornados. I have also found that on the eastern side of it, from Lagos quite round over that alluvial land through which the great rivers flow, a slight tornado come off about sunset every evening during the month of November.

In the Bight of Biafra, the tornado season commences in the beginning of February, and lasts to the middle of March, when it is succeeded by the first rains. These continue to the middle of May, and are then followed to the end of that month by the fogs, but they are not nearly so dense as in the Bight of Benin, especially in the neighbourhood of the islands. From this time to the middle of September the weather is particularly fine, but seldom unaccompanied with haze. At the latter period, the second rains set in, and fall extremely heavily to the end of October, when they begin to subside, and are followed by fine weather till the tornados recommence in February.

The above description of the weather within the before-mentioned limits on the Coast of Africa, although it appears to be divided, and governed by laws with the most perfect regularity, is by no means to be considered as not subject to any variation; as, for example, in July, 1819, on the Gold Coast and Bight of Benin, although generally subject to fogs, I experienced a considerable quantity of rain till I reached the river Ramos, from thence around Cape Formosa, and into the Bight of Biafra, the weather was particularly fine, although attended with some haze. Again in the year 1820, I was cruising in the Bight of Biafra during the whole of the months of June and July, and nothing could exceed the delightful state of the weather; but in the end of July, 1821, I rounded the Bight of Benin in a thick fog, and on approaching Cape Formosa, and running along the north coast of Biafra, I found heavy rains constantly falling from midnight to noon, which continued for nearly a month. Also, although a portion of the year is called the tornado season, tornados are not uncommon during the periodical rains, inasmuch that in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, the end of September is frequently called the second tornado season.

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

**Wedge of Agate.**—A most beautiful and curiously veined wedge of agate was recently found on the estate of Claremont, Scotland, when digging near the bottom of a steep bank and a short distance from the spot where Archbishop Sharpe was murdered. It was discovered embedded in the clay, about 3 feet below the surface, in a horizontal position. Immedi-

ately to the westward there is a large whin-stone fixed on the ground—the memorial probably, of some deed of blood, or the monument of one whose memory it has survived. The wedge measures in length exactly 12 inches; from 1½ to 3 inches in breadth, and from 1-4th to one inch in thickness. It possesses a very fine polish, and it is supposed to have been an instrument of sacrifice used in barbarous ages.

**Life Boat.**—Mr. Wm. Wake, jun. of Monkwearmouth Shore, England, has just completed a life-boat of much superior mechanical principles than any yet discovered. Its buoyancy and security in a broken sea exceed every thing of the kind heretofore invented: should the boat, with its crew, be split to pieces, still every part of the frame is rendered, by the ingenuity of the builder, so particularly buoyant, that there is not the least fear of their safety; or should it be filled to the brim with water, in less than half a minute she is completely clear, by a simple, yet excellent contrivance.

**The Hippopotamus.**—An officer employed in surveying the coasts and islands to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, states in a letter dated "St. Mary's (Isle of Madagascar) 29th December, 1822, that a huge Hippopotamus came in contact with the Leven's cutter, called the Cockburn, and bit out six planks at one bite; the boat immediately filled, but being close to the bank of the river soon reached the shore. On another occasion, one of them sprung from the bank of the river open mouthed, at one of the boats, but without doing any injury to either the boat or crew. They were so surprised and terrified by this huge animal, that it was under the water before a shot could be fired at it.

**Portrait of Sir William Wallace.**—A Portrait of this hero has recently been discovered, and its originality is supported by such strong traditional evidence as prevents all doubt of its authenticity. It seems that it had been long in the family of a Captain Thompson of the Navy. The ancestors of this Gentleman had long possessed the portrait, and not only considered it as a very great treasure, but attached to it a sort of superstitious veneration, which induced them to think that they were secured from danger while they possessed the effigies of so estimable and so patriotic a hero. Captain Thompson took it to sea with him in all his voyages, and though exposed to various perils he always escaped with safety, attributing his deliverance to the influence of the picture. For services rendered to the Captain, he parted with the portrait in question, to a friend, Mr. Bell, of Downing-street, London, where it now remains. It is painted on very old canvass, stretched on a similar lining for security. The picture has all the rudeness which might be expected at the period and in the place where it was painted. The outline is bold, and the face marked by a manly and vigorous expression. The hero has a tartan plaid over his shoulders, clasped with a sort of sun-dial. There is the figure of a dragon on the helmet. The "golden hair" of the hero marks his brow. The eyes are large, noble, and commanding, which tradition records as peculiarly characteristic. The nose is aquiline, with the full nostril, resembling a war-horse neighing for battle.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

The Wapeti are very extraordinary non-descript animals, of the cervus or deer genus, but as large as the horse, and nearly as gentle as the lamb; as they will caress their visitors, and receive food from their hands.

It is remarkable that the Wapeti have scarcely been mentioned by any European naturalist, and the history of them is consequently very limited. They were first introduced into the United States at Baltimore, by a German naturalist, who was employed some years in exploring the Upper Missouri, where they are domesticated by the Indians, drawing their sleighs at a rapid rate, and supply them with the most delicious venison as food. They are naturally very timid animals, and at the same time of such power and activity when grown, that it is not possible to take them out of the forest alive. The natives, therefore, catch them in nets when young and rear them in their houses with great care and kindness: they then use them for carrying burdens: or drawing their sleighs in winter over the snow and ice. In their native wilds, each male Wapeti has his own peculiar family or fraternity; each family its own peculiar range of pasture; and their attachment to each other is so strong, that the hunters know, if they kill one of a family, they can easily get the remainder, who can scarcely be forced from the body of their slain companion.

These animals, whose aboriginal name is that of Wapeti, are known to the settlers in North America by the name of the Elk, and are supposed to be of the same species as the great antediluvian Elk, whose enormous fossil remains are frequently found in this country; and of which specimens may be found in the British Museum.

The head of the Wapeti resembles that of the common American deer and of the horse; but it is pointed, and is in its action like the camel. The legs are admirably formed for strength and activity, resembling those of the racehorse, particularly the hinder legs. On the outside of each of these is a protuberance covered with yellow hair. In this a gland is seated that secretes an unctuous substance, which the animal applies to smooth and dress its coat; and when it is thus dressed, it becomes impervious to rain or to water, even in swimming a river.

The Wapeti has an oblique slit or opening under each eye, of nearly an inch long, which appears to be an auxiliary nostril. The animal has no voice like the horse or the ox, and his organ seems to be given him as a compensation, for with it he can make a noise or loud whistle.

The Wapeti have the cloven foot, and chew the cud like an ox; but they have the bridle tusk like the horse. The Wapeti are about twelve years old before they come to maturity, and they are then about sixteen hands high. Their horns, which are nearly five feet in length, weigh upwards of fifty pounds. They live to a great age, so that the Indians, when speaking of an old man, say he is as old as a Wapeti. The food of the Wapeti, in a domestic state, is the same as the horse; and they are, if properly managed, as tractable.

The Wapeti is justly esteemed the pride of the American forest, and is the handsomest and most noble quadruped yet discovered in this country.

#### LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

Remarks addressed to the Honourable the CORPORATION of the City of New-York, on a work recently published in this city, by Dr. FELIX PASCALIS, on the subject of INTERMENTS.

The work to which your attention is requested, has recently issued from the press, and is published by Mr. Gilley, bookseller in Broadway. As it contains

no libels, it is acknowledged by the author, printer, and publisher, and will, therefore, be read by such as feel interested in the subject, whether they agree with the sentiments of the author or not.

I am induced to call the attention of the Corporation to the work in question, because they are the guardians of the public, because they have passed an ordinance preventing interments in the city, and because the publication of the volume before me, advocates the measure. The author, however, has erred in not dedicating his work to the Hon. Corporation, or the Board of Health; but he has made amends for this by giving "Our Magistrates and the Board of Health" a due degree of praise in a short preface to the work. As the Dr. differs from many of your honourable body in certain opinions, I should suspect there was some design in praising your proceedings; but in looking around, I can see nothing in your gift to reward the flatterer, and must, therefore, conclude that he is sincere in bestowing the meed of praise, where it is justly due. As our public authorities often receive the malediction of their constituents, it will no doubt be pleasing to the Corporation to be informed that many join with Dr. Pascalis in the justification of their measures, which he eulogizes in the following words:—

"I now beg leave to take this method of congratulating my fellow-citizens on the firm and wise plan of operations begun by our Magistrates and the Board of Health. In endeavouring to rescue our city from the visitation of malignant fevers, they have scrupulously avoided enlisting themselves under this or that theorist on the origin of summer and fall fevers. With more prudence and philosophy, they strike at the root of every ostensible source of a calamity, that more probably is the effect of a combination of several causes, than the effects of a single one. This procedure has been constituted one of their official duties, by the Legislature in 1813, which directed them "to regulate or prevent the interment of the dead within the city." May they continue to prosecute their task successfully. Public officers are seldom rewarded with public approbation; and the testimony of upright intentions, is too often their only recompense; but I hope that these, more fortunate than the generality, will deservedly enjoy the perfect confidence of the community, and the harmonious concurrence of their fellow-citizens in their measures for the present emergency."

The work, prefaced by the above observations, is entitled "an Exposition of the Dangers of Interment in cities; illustrated by an account of the funeral rites and customs of the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and primitive Christians; by ancient and modern ecclesiastical canons, civil statutes, and municipal regulations; and by chemical and physical principles. Chiefly from the works of Vicq D'Azyr of France, and Professor Scipione Piattoli of Modena; with additions by FELIX PASCALIS, M. D." It is composed of three parts. The principal part or body of the work contains fifteen chapters under distinct heads, followed by a series of notes, and an appendix. It contains a body of facts, illustrations, and reasonings, on the dangerous practice of Interments, and there is nothing that so strongly fortifies the measures of the Corporation in relation to interments in the city. Every good citizen who reads this Exposition, must be satisfied that it is time to stop burying dead bodies in the midst of a crowded population, and will, therefore, acquiesce in the late ordinance of your honourable body, preventing interments within certain limits, and providing an extensive burying ground at a distance from the city. It is necessary that this work should be read, as the subject will in all probability, come before the public in a legal form, as resistance to the ordinance of the Corporation has been made, and is about to be made stronger by a combination of the temporalities of several churches, urged on by an incorrect view of their personal rights to vaults. We shall then see a party springing up in opposition to public authority, and a new state of things in which the church will be opposed to the state, the



religious to the municipal authority.—This is to be deprecated and avoided; and for this purpose the people have only to be informed of the whole truth. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*; truth is great and it will prevail. The work of Dr. Pascal contains the best information extant on the subject of interments in churches and cities, and this is collected and drawn from the earliest periods, and from ancient and modern authors of the greatest celebrity. Let the work be read, and judge and jury, one and all, will unite with your honourable body in the propriety of your late ordinance.

In order the better to understand the nature of the "Exposition," let me direct your attention to some of its parts.—The first chapter contains a general view of the modes of interment or disposal of the dead in ancient times. The reference to the practice of very remote periods, can have very little weight on the propriety or impropriety of the modern practice of interments, and of course this chapter is important only in connecting the history of burials in those times with the less ancient and modern practices.

The second chapter is short and compendious, and goes on to show that before the Christian era, burials at a distance from dwellings was practised among the Hebrews.

"According to them those who touched a corpse contracted a legal impurity, to efface which, their clothes must undergo the cleansing of water. If the dead were buried in the houses of individuals, it rendered them unclean. This rule made them very attentive to remove the dead from their dwellings. They so dreaded any communication with them, that passengers and travellers were prohibited from treading on the graves which were marked by little pillars."

In this extract we see the probable origin of head-stones now in use, and which are but frail monuments to remind us of the departure of our friends, and of our own mortality. Originally erected that the observers might avoid a legal impurity, they are now used with no view to their original intention. The Society of Friends is the only one who avoid these useless marks in their burial grounds, where all distinctions are at an end.

The third and fourth chapters treat of the funeral ceremonies of the Greeks and Romans, in which we find the same general practice prevailing, of interments out of cities, as "immemorial experience had taught them, that they could not with safety indulge in the interments of the dead among themselves and their dwellings."

Of the funeral rites of the early Christians, treated of in the fifth chapter, we find much information; and that the salutary custom of interring the dead apart from the living, began from various causes to be infringed.

"The wish of retaining the dead within cities, seemed to increase even by impediments. It became regarded as an enviable privilege to be allowed to occupy after death, the places where holy persons had been in the habit of offering their prayers to Heaven. And at length they carried their respect so far, as to believe that there were emanations from the bodies of saints, of power to warm the hearts of the devotional, and to yield impressions capable of disposing to fervour and piety."

Hence the next step was the introduction of interments into towns and churches. These are treated of in the sixth chapter. The practice was gradually brought about, and the first privilege of the kind was granted to the Emperor Constantine, who was the first of regal dignity to embrace the christian faith. It was for a long time only considered the privilege of kings, and successively became the right of bishops, saints, martyrs, persons of pious lives, and then the rich. Thus it progressed until it became a right common to all.

In the 7th chapter of the exposition, we have a compendious account of the acts of councils from the 10th to the 18th century, in various catholic countries against the practice of interments in and

about churches. These became necessary at various times, in different parts of Europe in consequence of the departure from primitive and salutary customs, and the injurious effects of such departure. Hence many civil and ecclesiastical laws were ordained to prevent the recurrence of offensive effluvia, sickness, and epidemic diseases, which had frequently arisen from burials in churches and cities. Among these are to be found the ordinance of the Archbishop of Thoulouse, against interment in churches. This ordinance of the archbishop was confirmed by the Parliament of Paris, and carried into effect in his own diocese. The ordinance itself is omitted, but the substance is given; and the 8th chapter of the Exposition contains entire the pastoral address of the Archbishop.

This address is contained in 12 pages of the present publication. It is an elegant piece of composition, and does great credit to the head and the heart that conceived it. It is a moving appeal to the religion and good sense of all concerned, and in its present English dress it is not wanting in the characteristics of good writing. This chapter alone, distinguished for its strength of argument and the purity of its religion, would be a treat to the pious, and all others who seek for information on the dangers of interment in cities.

The same arguments that were used in his time against the laws prohibiting interments, are revived at the present, in opposition to the Law of the Corporation. The right of burial was construed into a right in fee simple, and the clergy complained of the curtailment of their revenues.

"Would you reproach us (said the Archbishop) with depriving you of a right, bought by the donations of your ancestors. But do you think that those virtuous men, from whom you are proud to derive your descent, wished to leave to their posterity a right to disturb our holy mysteries, and to spread pestilence among their fellow-citizens? Then take back their gifts, if these are to be construed into titles in fee-simple. Our rules for the future must not be violated; and the church will satisfy your avarice rather than your pride."

Thus too some of our fellow-citizens have purchased the right of burial in a city grave-yard, and have therefore concluded that they had an absolute right therein, and that it was as perfect as a right in fee-simple; whereas this right is qualified or granted for a special purpose, and as it is subject to inspection or supervision by the municipal authorities, and by the State Law may be taken away, the parties deeming themselves aggrieved have no remedy unless they can show the State Law to be unconstitutional.

"Who will dare to complain when the law is general; and what law can more justly be general, than one that relates to the grave?"

Again the archbishop says,

"Ye whom the vows of the cloister have united under the yoke of the Lord! will you object to the retrenchment of your funds that this ordinance must produce! No; for you wish not to support existence at the expense of the lives of others."

On the subject of the Modern Statutes against interments in churches and towns, contained in the 9th chapter, we have it stated,

"Medical men assure us, that the vapours exhaled from putrefaction fill the air with chemical compounds dangerous to health and productive of malignant diseases. The epidemics which prevail in the warm season confirms this assertion."

In 1765 a decree was issued by the Parliament of Paris, to prevent future burials in the city, and to provide for cemeteries at a distance from the suburbs. In the preamble to that decree it is stated, that

"Daily complaints are made on the infectious effect of the parish cemeteries, especially when the heats of summer have increased the exhalations; then the air is so corrupted, that the most necessary aliments will only keep a few hours, in the neighbouring houses: this proceeds either from the soil being so completely saturated, that it cannot retain or absorb any longer the putrescent dissolution, or from the too circum-

scribed extent of the ground for the number of dead annually interred. The same spot is repeatedly used; and by the carelessness of those who inter the dead, the graves are, perhaps, often re-opened too soon."

It is remarkable how nearly these quotations accord with the circumstances and condition of interments in New-York, and appear as if they were actually written as a reproach to our city.

"The practice of intermixing the dead with the living, would never have grown to such an intolerable height, though aided by all the pride of the great, all the immorality of the rich, and the desire of distinction inherent in all ranks, if the reverence for the relics of saints and the blind belief in the power of the church over souls after death, had not rooted in the hearts of the people a strong conviction that a grave in the cloister, the galilee, the portico, the chapel or the aisle, was a strong hold for protection against the arch-enemy, and a passport to heaven. As this superstition declined or became modified, the practice to which it had given rise still continued, and grew more and more immovable the more it was habitual. It is the same in thousands of things to this day, even where the original motive is forgotten, and such is the force of custom, that it continues in cemeteries consecrated by the vicinity of particular churches to so great a degree, that the peace of the grave is continually violated to crowd new tenants into the spot hallowed by them in life, by pious associations."

To prove the danger of interments in cities and in churches, either in graves or vaults, the facts contained in chapters ten and eleven and in the appendix, are too numerous to extract. But they will be found strong, pointed, and applicable to this city.

"The rulers of mankind (says the author of the Exposition in the 12th chapter) have not devoted much consideration to the investigation of the causes which might so far corrupt the atmosphere, as to create mortal diseases at particular periods of time, or why these plagues should always appear in the vicinity of stagnant waters; shallow ponds; marshes; low and muddy lands; receptacles of dead animals or vegetable substances; in the neighbourhood of the slain after battle; in cities ravished by famine and conflagration; why columns of air have been rendered so noxious, that the very birds that attempted to fly through them, fell and perished: why the winds, disseminating their aerial poison, transported the breath of pestilence into rich, fertile, and thickly inhabited districts. With the story of such terrible devastations, the pages of history are filled; and they have been accounted for as the result of divine anger, as the wrath of heaven against conquerors, or even as a provision of providence to rid the earth of a superfluous population."

There is nothing very particular to call the attention of the honourable Corporation in the thirteenth chapter, nor in the fourteenth chapter, being a refutation of the objections raised against the prohibition of interment in the city.

The fifteenth and last chapter of the work contains a plan and description of a general cemetery. There are some sensible remarks in this chapter.

"The institution of a general cemetery, or *polyandrium*, has been commenced by a firm and prudent council, that are capable of conducting the plan to a wise and beneficial result. The only remark that remains to be made, is, that this subject is neither a political, medical, nor religious question, but one that interests alike every member of society," &c.

One more extract from this highly useful work will close our remarks:

"Such is the harmony said a great Prelate, always existing between religion and sound policy, that what is acknowledged as decorous and useful by one, is also commended and prescribed by the other. This remark is well worthy the attention of ministers of all christian denominations. One sect already, and not the least in rank, on account of the austerity of its principles, and purity of its doctrine, scrupulously prohibit city interment, this is the Society of Friends, called Quakers. They are not known to have vaults in their religious places of meeting, or burial grounds. Their dead are always transported to a distance from the habitations of the living. The respect they pay to the remains of their friends, is evinced by the great depth and space they allot for each grave. It is but justice to infer, that they wish to avoid annoying the public by the dangers of grave-yards as they are indifferent to the praise or attention which the world gives to funeral pomp or showy devices, and monumental stones, which they reject."

We congratulate the public and your honorable body on the appearance and publication of this work on the dangers of interment in cities. It should be patronised by the Corporation, as nothing can give a firmer support to their ordinance in relation to interments. Let

its contents be known, and we need not fear the opposition of those who are interested in continuing an evil practice.

The work under consideration is partly a translation, partly a compilation, and partly original. The translation appears to be free and not literal, and is well executed. Some of the facts are compiled with reference to authorities. In the part which is original, we think there is an improvement in the style of writing, if we may judge from what we have seen of other writings of Dr. Pascal. On the whole, whether the book is well or badly written or composed, the facts speak for themselves, and the arguments against interment in cities are irresistible. D. D.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 19. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Adventures of the young Calender; a Tartarian Tale. The Fatalist.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Marriages of the Persians. Description of Whidah.*

THE DRAMA.—*Ogier of Denmark: a Dramatic Sketch.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On the cultivation of the Locust Tree. By Dr. Samuel Akerly of New-York. On the light produced by the discharge of an Air Gun. By Mr. John Hart. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Ancient Mysteries described, especially English Miracle Plays, Ecclesiastical Shows, Festivals, &c. By William Hone.*

POETRY.—*Lines on a Sailor Boy, by Amena. The Rose, by Yorick. With other pieces.*

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches—HAWK—

The brig American, from Rio Grande, has brought to this city three four-horned rams, two horns on the head elevated, and the others bending downwards, with the usual crooks in them.

A recent discovery has been made that oil extracted from cotton seed will answer for painting, that it is found even superior to linseed oil for this purpose. The machinery for picking cotton, it is stated, may be easily converted to the purpose of making the oil.

The inhabitants of Upper Canada propose cutting a canal, so as to form a navigable communication between Lakes Erie and Ontario. The two lakes are in one part so nearly connected, as to require an artificial cut of only two miles, by which a water communication between them would be uninterrupted. The route lies from the mouth of Grand River, striking the Chippewa ten miles from its mouth, thence to Lake Ontario.

A monument has been erected, at the public expense, in Washington city, to the memory of Elbridge Gerry, Esq. late Vice President of the U. States. It is of pure white marble from Massachusetts—the native state of the distinguished patriot whose ashes it protects. It was designed and executed by Messrs. W. and J. Frazee, native artists of New-York.

A shot tower has been finished at Baltimore for an incorporated company; it is circular, and is one hundred and sixty-eight feet in height.

A Canadian paper states that Dr. Nelson of Montreal, lately extracted from the bladder of a patient, a stone about the size of a Turkey's egg.

## MARRIED.

Capt. N. C. Harris to Miss Sarah Wardwell.  
Mr. Francis J. Marvin to Miss Mary Hicks.  
Capt. Asa H. Swift to Miss Ann Cook.  
Mr. Edward C. Harrison to Miss Maria Sayres.

## DIED.

Mr. Thomas Nixon, aged 95 years.  
Mr. Antoine Louis Chevalier, aged 53 years.  
Mr. Gilbert Jackson, aged 82 years.  
Mrs. Mary Bagart aged 47 years.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

## THE DUEL.

I had a dream; not such as lightly flits  
Without or form or end determinate,  
Before the vision of wild sickly sleep,  
When Fancy, loosened from the frigid clasp  
Of clay, yet touch'd with its disease, invents  
And paints her beings, actions, places, shapes  
Strange and fantastic; but in order strict,  
Like visions that pass through the waking mind,  
When reason Fancy's pencil guides, and paints  
Reality, or what might be and often is.  
I saw two beings in the prime of life,  
The glowing beauty of the morn of man.  
Health's rose was budded on their cheeks, and joy  
Had shed its smiling bloom—the light of life.  
It seem'd that friendship had entwined their souls,  
And they had in their boyhood grown like twin  
Rose-buds, which one soil nourishes, the same  
Breeze cheers, the same shower freshens, and  
The same cold blast chills or destroys. Their looks  
Were filled with kindness, and they beam'd with rays  
Of friendship pure and warm, such as is form'd,  
Only in days of innocence and truth.

My dream had change. I saw a splendid hall,  
Within which was one of those youths I'd seen  
Before. I mark'd his brow now altered much:  
For Passion's storm had settled darkly there,  
Where once beam'd mildness and serenity.  
There, too, were marks, I shudder'd as I trac'd—  
The waste of feeling seath'd the withering glance  
Of dark revenge, and all the sweets of love  
Chang'd into gall of bitterness and hate.  
The ghastliness of grief or sullenness  
Of rage, I knew not which, had from his cheek  
The purple chas'd. He started from his seat,  
And pac'd the hall quick to and fro, then sat  
Him down again, and seiz'd convulsively  
A pen, and wrote I know not what, except  
That as he trac'd the lines, he to himself  
Mutter'd of "satisfaction," "fight," and words  
Of awful import, such as struck my soul  
With horror at the very utterance.  
The scroll he folded, and with bitter smile  
Deliver'd it to one who seem'd a friend.

My dream had further change. I saw a vale  
In horror mantled like the vale of death.  
I gaz'd to mark its sad terrific gloom,  
Fit place for deeds of darkness. Around it rose  
In awful majesty a wall of rocks,  
Bleach'd in the tempests of revolving time,  
O'er which a forest wav'd of solemn pines,  
That light of day excluded and enwrap'd,  
Hills, rocks, and valley in the shades of night.  
While gazing at the chilling scene, I saw  
Two youths, with looks dark as the place, advance  
With hurried step. I saw and shudder'd—for  
They were the friends of whom I spoke—but oh,  
How chang'd! Where once gleam'd friendship's sun-  
shine, now

Frown'd hate's worst night, and where the look of joy  
At meeting once, now lower'd the bitter smile  
Of dire revenge; and though no words transpir'd,  
The looks that pass'd between them seem'd to say,  
That meeting each resolv'd should be their last.  
The deadly aim was ta'en—the flash is o'er!  
The echo of that deed of death resounds  
Among the caverns of that hellish glen!  
And one is fall'n! The foe springs to his side.  
It seem'd the first blood to his heart that rush'd,  
Was charg'd with kindness, and tumultuous rous'd  
The mem'ry of past scenes within his soul.  
At first he cast a kind inquiring look,  
And knelt to wipe the blood that stain'd his side;  
But others came, and with them came false pride—  
That look was gone—he rose and left the field.

My dream again was chang'd. In distant climes  
I saw him who surviv'd. For loneliness  
He sought, and yet appear'd in dread of it;  
He wish'd to fly himself more than the world.  
There was a hesitancy in his air,  
A fitful haste or wild delay in all he did,  
That show'd an absent mind; and he would start  
When call'd upon, as waken'd from a dream;  
And when alone would walk with folded arms,  
And seem in melancholy rest of mind.  
Then sudden move his hand across his brow,  
As though some inward thought disturb'd its peace.  
He wander'd much, and mostly lov'd to stray  
In places nature's hand had labour'd most,  
And art's least—the fields forsaken quite  
Of cheerful haunts of men—the mountain side—  
The borders of some pensive flowing stream—  
And e'en for him the desert had a charm,  
So much in consonance with all within.  
Such scenes possess'd a language for his soul,  
That spoke of peace, but peace they could not give,  
Or yield the balm that heals the wounded soul.  
Thus as a drifting ship still braves the storm,  
That made it mastless, helmless, and forlorn,  
His life drove on, till soon perhaps some shock  
Believed the wreck and whelm'd him from his woe!

CLIO.

For the Minerva.

## LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

I care not if the maiden's cheek,  
Whose wedded heart my own would seek,  
Its love to share through weal and woe,  
With lilies or carnation glow;  
So passion do not make his bed,  
Couch'd smiling 'neath the blushing red,  
Nor fashion's hours of vain delight  
Have robed the pallid face in white.

It matters little if her eyes  
Melt in the azure of the skies,  
Or jetty black with rapture shine,  
So they but fondly turn to mine;  
So health and innocence bestow  
Upon her orbs their sparkling glow,  
And sense with modesty combined,  
Reflect from them the stainless mind.

I care not if her flowing hair  
Be black or auburn, dark or fair;  
Be by the polished comb controlled,  
Or down in graceful ringlets rolled;  
If she but loves and me alone,  
My heart's best love shall be her own,  
And every ringlet shall but bind  
Her image closer in my mind.

I ask not for a ruddy lip,  
From which the roving bee might sip,  
And feasting there on new found sweets,  
For ever leave his former seats:  
Such rich excess is quickly gone;  
Be rather mine the dearer one,  
Which when mine own its velvet presses,  
Half meets me with return'd caresses.

I ask not for a form that vies  
With houries in that paradise,  
Where Mussulmen expect above  
A pure eternity of love;  
I only ask a shape whose charms,  
Enclos'd in fond affection's arms,  
Loving, and trusting on my breast,  
Shall soothe the cares of life to rest.

And if the form contain within  
A soul unstained by thoughts of sin,  
With wit, and judgment, taste refined,  
The jewel of a spotless mind;  
Why should I care what casket hold  
A gem of such celestial mould,  
And if such real worth be mine,  
For outward grace of beauty pine.

Beauty, indeed, who does not prize—  
Who does not joy to feast his eyes  
Upon the lineaments of grace  
That smile in beauty's glowing face?  
Whom pleases not the brow serene,  
The sparkling eye and lovely mein,  
The voice of music, and the lip  
Where thronging loves their arrows dip?

Ah, none denies their thrilling power,  
All have in some unguarded hour  
Once felt the magic of their chain,  
And bowed submissive to their reign;  
Have felt, nor wished their bondage broke,  
The vassalage of beauty's yoke;  
And sigh'd to murmur in her ear  
Their faltering fate of hope and fear.

And least of all would he refuse,  
Who courts the favour of the Muse,  
And hopes her prospering smiles to meet,  
His vows to pay at Beauty's feet:  
His triumphs are in her regard,  
Her fav'ring smiles are his reward;  
And cold in death must be his breast,  
Before her sway have wholly ceased.

But these the sense alone invade,  
And ere they reach the bosom fade,  
Nor penetrate, with powerful art,  
The deep recesses of the heart.  
Beauty I worship and adore,  
But I love sense and virtue more;  
And when her sway is wholly gone,  
They o'er my soul reign purer on.

For the Minerva.

## To the "Laughter-loving Catherine."

When first I saw that ruby lip,  
I sigh'd to press my own unto it;  
So sweet that lip, so mild that eye,  
I thought thy soul shone brightly through it.

So sweet that lip, so mild that eye,  
That though I saw thy features only,  
I know not how, I can't tell why,  
But oh, I loved thee—loved thee dearly!

'Twas something in that liquid blue,  
Celestial orb that shone so clearly,  
That bound my heart, my soul to you,  
And made me love thee, oh how dearly!

'Twas something so like heaven above me,  
That seem'd to speak, and so sincerely,  
And still it whisper'd softly—Love me,  
And I did love thee—oh most dearly!

And then I thought thee all divine,  
And then I vow'd and vow'd sincerely,  
If ever fate should make thee mine,  
Oh I would love thee—love thee dearly!

B.

For the Minerva.

## THE ROSE AND SNAIL;

A Fable from the French.

A Snail thus once addressed the Rose:  
"O fairest thou, and sweetest flower,  
Which Flora bids her charms disclose,  
And shed her sweetness through the bower.

Pardon, I pray, your humble slave,  
(Pursued the Snail with great respect)  
Only one little fault you have,  
Which you might easily correct.

I mean those sharp and ugly thorns,  
Which wound whose'er approaches near;  
Mar every beauty that adorns,  
And each admirer fill with fear.

Zephyr himself, your faithful lover,  
How new, how cruel is his case,  
Dares only, round your beauties hover,  
And fears to meet your fond embrace.

The poison caught, the Rose consented,  
And stripp'd itself of every thorn;  
But oh how soon must be repented  
The error of that cruel morn!

The guardian thorn no sooner gone,  
The Snail became, from humble, free;  
Easy and impudent came on,  
And crawl'd up the defenceless tree.

There quickly canker'd every leaf,  
Each flower and opening bud he ate;  
And now the Rose perceived with grief,  
Her error; but perceived—too late!

Her fragrance gone—her beauty blasted,  
And fled her young and virgin pride,  
Her life was bitter while it lasted,  
But soon she broke her heart and died.

Ye fair, whom snail-like flatterers sue,  
Mark what the awful moral shows;  
Virtue is beauty's thorn in you,  
But oh be wiser than the Rose!

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to Enigma in our last not received.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I am in butter and in cream; I am never in milk  
or cheese; I am not in a pail. I am in a churn;  
I am not in the city, but I am in the country.  
I am never in a house, but always in a barn.  
I am never in a potato, but always in a turnip.  
I am not in wheat; I am in rye. I am never in  
weeds; and always in clover. I am not in hay,  
though I am in straw. I am never at idleness; I  
am always at hard work. I am never in a tub,  
though I am always in a barrel. I am constant-  
ly in the world, but never in the globe.

II.

Why is a Mouse like a Ship?

III.

Why does a Miller wear a white hat?

IV.

Why is a Shovel like a Tea-pot?

V.

What is the anagram of the word Lawyers?

## CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 1372 Beginning of the great schism of the West-  
ern Church.  
— One Pope residing at Rome, the other at  
Avignon.  
1380 Death of Charles V. King of France, after  
a reign of 17 years. His son Charles VI.  
a minor, succeeded, under the guardianship  
of the Duke of Anjou.  
— The English restored the Duke of Brittany.  
1381 Rebellion of Wat Tyler in England, sup-  
pressed on the death of the Leader.  
1382 King Richard II. married Anne, sister to the  
Emperor Wenceslaus.  
1384 Pope Urban quarrelled with Charles Duras,  
who arrested him, but afterwards set him  
at liberty.  
1385 Pope Urban besieged by Charles Duras,  
made his escape to Genoa, and put to death  
five Cardinals, who had conspired against  
him.  
— Death of Wickliff.  
1386 Charles Duras killed in Hungary Otho  
Duke of Brunswick.  
— Andronicus Paleologus took Constantinople,  
and imprisoned his father and brother.  
— Lithuania united to the kingdom of Po-  
land, by the Duke being chosen King.  
— John and Manuel Paleologi recovered their  
liberty and the empire, and delivered up  
Andronicus to the Turks.  
1389 Ladislaus, son of Charles Duras, crowned  
king of Naples by Pope Boniface IX.  
— Amurath, Sultan, killed by a christian sol-  
dier, after having made great conquests in  
Europe. His son Bajazet succeeded.  
King Richard II. declared himself of age,  
and chose a new ministry.  
1390 King Richard made over Gascony to his  
uncle, the Duke of Lancaster.  
— Pope Clement VII. crowned Louis of Anjou,  
King of Naples; he made some conquests  
which Ladislaus recovered after his depar-  
ture.  
— Bajazet laid siege to Constantinople, and  
retired on having made a treaty with the  
Emperor.  
1391 Death of the Greek Emperor, John Pale-  
ologus; his son Manuel II. governed alone  
44 years.  
1392 The privileges of London taken away, but  
restored on due submission being made.  
1394 King Richard subdued the insurgents in  
Ireland.  
1397 Union of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden,  
under Queen Margaret.  
1398 Several countries withdrew their obedience  
from both the competitors for the papacy.  
1399 Henry, Duke of Lancaster, having deposed  
King Richard II. usurped the throne.  
1400 Gunpowder said by some to be found out  
this year, by Schwartz, a German Monk.  
1402 Bajazet, Turkish Sultan, defeated by Tam-  
erlane, Prince of the Tartars.  
1403 Conspiracy of Percy and Douglas, against  
King Henry, defeated.  
1405 Death of Chaucer, father of English poetry:  
Great guns first used in England at the  
siege of Berwick.  
— Discovery of the Canary Isles by a Nor-  
man.  
— Death of Timur or Tamerlane, the Great  
Tartar conqueror, whose race were called  
the Grand Moguls.  
1407 John Huss began to dogmatize in Bohemia.  
1409 At Pisa, Benedict XIII. and Gregory XII.  
were deposed; and Alexander V. chosen.  
1410 Death of Robert the Emperor; Sigismund,  
King of Hungary, succeeded.  
1412 Prince Henry affronted one of the King's  
judges, and was committed by him.  
1413 Pope John XXIII. expelled from Rome,  
convoked a council at Constance.  
1414 King Henry V. renewed the claims of Eng-  
land to the crown of France.  
1415 Pope John XXIII. having abdicated the  
Pontificate, fled from Constance; but be-  
ing taken prisoner, was deposed.  
— Gregory XII. renounced the dignity by his  
deputies.  
— Benedict XIII. stood out.  
— John Huss condemned and burnt as a he-  
retic.  
— Jerome of Prague, his disciple retracted.  
— King Henry invaded France, and gained at  
Agincourt, a famous victory over the  
French.  
1416 Jerome of Prague, again accused, condemn-  
ed, and executed.  
— The English gained a great victory over the  
French at sea.  
1417 Deposition of Benedict XIII.  
— Martin V. chosen pope  
— King Henry took Caen, Calais, &c.

THE MINERVA,

EDITED BY GEORGE HUSTON,

Is published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

123 Broadway, New-York,

At Four Dollars per annum payable in advance. No  
subscription can be received for less than a year; and  
all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the  
publishers

J. S. GEMMANS, printer, at John-street.